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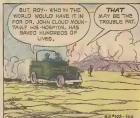
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Roy Rogers and Trigger

IN
TROUBLE IN WOLF'S
HEAD CANYON

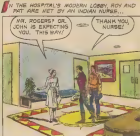
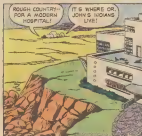


IN THE YARD BEHIND THE OFFICE OF SHERIFF BOB WARE, ROY AND PAT PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON-A HOMEWAD, MOTORLESS SLIDER.



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





"...UNTIL DAWN. I Woke UP MIDDING BETWEEN
THE SEAT AND THE DASH IN GREAT PAIN! I
CALLED OUT! WHEN I GOT NO ANSWER..."

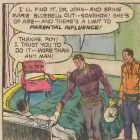


"... I STRUGGLED OUT OF THE WRACK AND BLANDED
AROUND! I WAS ALONE! SOMETHING HAD
HAPPENED TO MARIE! SHE WOULD NEVER HAVE
LEFT ME, INJURED! I PANTED AGAIN..."



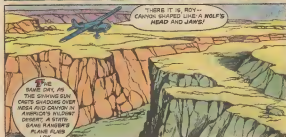


MARY ONCE TOLD ME OF A SMALL CANYON, BACK OF MINGO MOUNTAIN, WHERE HER FAMILY LIVED YEARS AGO, WHILE HER FATHER WAS "MAKING MEDICINE." THE CANYON IS SHAPED LIKE THE HEAD AND JAWS OF A WOLF. NOT EVEN THE OTHER HAWKINS KNOW OF IT!



I'LL FIND IT, DR. JOHN--AND BRING MARY BLUEBELL OUT--SOMEBODY SHE'S OF AGE--AND THERE'S A LIMIT TO PARENTAL INFLUENCE!

THANKS, ROY! I TRUST YOU TO DO IT--MORE THAN ANY MAN!



THERE IT IS, ROY-- CANYON SHAPED LIKE A WOLF'S HEAD AND JAWS!

THE SAME DAY, AS THE SHINING SUN CASTS SHADOWS OVER MESA AND CANYON IN ARIZONA'S WILDEST DESERT, A STATE GAME RANGERS PLANE FLIES LOW.



MAYBE WE COULD COME BACK WITH A GOOD CAMERA, ROY--

ROBERT BARNES! I'M PHOTOGRAPHING THE WAY TO THAT CANYON--ON MY MIND! AND SO WE'VE BEEN SEEN!



AS THE PLANE'S SHADOW CROSSES THE CANYON'S SOUTHERN ARM, A BRIGHT BLANKET WAVES BRIEFLY.



WHILE THE AIR CURRENTS ARE STILL RISING FROM THE PREVIOUSLY SUN-HEATED CANYONS, ROY USES THEM TO CLIMB HIGH.

TWO DAYS LATER, AT NOON, IN A DRY RASH, THREE MILES BEYOND WOLF JAY CANYON...









A MOMENT LATER, TRIGGER CLEARS OUT WITH MARE--THE THUNDER OF ROY'S SHOTFIRE DROWNING OUT THE CLATTER OF HOOPS.



E RUALLY, ROY RELOADS--WAITING...



FIGHTING FOR HIS VERY LIFE--YET UNWILLING TO SHOOT HIS ENEMES, ROY STRIKES A QUICK BLOW...



... AND ROLLS CLEAR-- ONLY TO MEET A HARD-SWUNG RIFLE BUTT IN THE HANDS OF THE OLDER INDIAN!





QUICKLY RON LINKS THE TWO DEAD MEN, RIGHT-TO-WRIST.

THREE DAYS LATER, IN SHERIFF BOB'S OFFICE...



Roy Rogers' Horse TRIGGER

AND THE CAMP ROBBERS



DRIVEN FAR FROM HOME BY A FOREST FIRE, TRIGGER AND PINTO JACK HAVE SPENT A NIGHT IN THE SHELTER OF A NATURAL CAVE IN THE SIDE OF A WILD CANYON... NOW, IN THE COOL, WET FRESHNESS OF AN EARLY SPRING DAY, THEY SCENT GREEN GRASS.



THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE OLD SHE-COUGAR WHO SCARED THEM THE NIGHT BEFORE—AND THE WARMING SUN GIVES A SENSE OF SECURITY...



... BUT AFTER A LITTLE WHILE, TRIGGER'S THOUGHTS TURN HOMeward.



FARTHER UP THE CANYON, HE FINDS THE WAY UP INTO A RIDGE BENCHMARK.



A LITTLE BROOK MEANDERS ACROSS THE GRASSY BENCH... A PEACEFUL SCENE, UNTIL...



... A COVEY OF GROUSE RISE FROM THE BUSHES WITH BOONING WINGS—STARTLING JACK OUT OF HIS HITS.



THE BANK GIVES WAY UNDER A MIS-PLACED HOOF AND JACK ROLLS...



... TO THE BOTTOM, LANDING ON HIS SIDE, WITH HIS BREATH HOOKED OUT.



THEIR TRIGGER FINDS HIM, GORGING AS IF MORTALLY HURT.



BUT TRIGGER KNOWS HIS JITTERY FRIEND TOO WELL TO BELIEVE ALL HE SAYS OR HEARS. APPROACHING...



... HE NIPS THE PANTY HANG ON THE HAUNCH AND THE RESULT IS STARTLING!



WITH A SHOUT AND A GRUNT, JACK HEAVES TO HIS FEET UNHURT, AND A BIT INDIGNANT... TO TRIGGER'S GREAT AUGEMENT.



GUIDED BY THE INSTINCT FOR DIRECTION FOUND IN MANY HORSES, TRIGGER CLIMBS THE NEXT "HOGBACK" RIDGE, IN THE DIRECTION OF HOME...



BUT THE INTERVENING VALLEY CALLS-- WITH THE SCENT OF GROWING GRASS AND BUDDING ASPENS, AND THE FAR TINKLE OF FALLING WATER.



FORTUNATELY, JACK IS A GOOD-NATURED COMPANION. HE NEVER HOLDS A GRUDGE, AND IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE HIP IS FORGOTTEN.



...BUT THERE--ACROSS A SECOND RIDGE-- A WALL OF SMOKE STILL RISES FROM THE DYING FOREST FIRE! FOR A LONG TIME, THERE WILL BE NO CROSSING THAT "BURN".



NEARLY AT THE BOTTOM, THE TWO HORSES STOP-- TO GAZE AT A LOG CABIN, NESTLED IN A GRASSY CLEARING! THE DOOR IS OPEN...



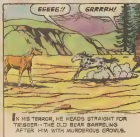
... AND FROM THE DOORWAY COMES A FRIENDLY CLATTER OF POTS AND PAUS! HUNGRY PORCIES AND HUMAN VOICES, JACK WHINNIES LOUDLY.



INSTANTLY, THE CLATTER WITHIN STOPS. JACK'S QUESTIONING WHINNY PEALS OUT AGAIN. HE MOVES CLOSER...



LOOKING DESPERATELY BACKWARDS, JACK NEARLY FALLS OVER.



IN HIS TERROR, HE HEADS STRAIGHT FOR TEBBER--THE OLD BEAR BARRELING AFTER HIM WITH MURDEROUS GROWLS.



THEN, WITHOUT WAITING FOR MORE TROUBLE, HE FOLLOWS INTO JACK.



FROM A SAFE DISTANCE, THE TWO HORSES LOOK BACK--TRIGGER'S ROLLING SHORT BARKS THE OLD BEAR TO CHARGE THEM.



BUT THE OLD LADY DISCOVERS OTHER BUSINESS THAN CHASING HORSES! GRABING ORDERS TO HER CUBS, SHE RETURNS TO THE KITCHEN...



THE SECOND CUB IS SLOW TO LEAVE HIS FLOUR-AND-MOLASSES BANQUET...



...UNTIL ASSISTED BY A MOTHERLY PAK!



IN MOTHER BEAR'S MIND, HORSES
MEAN THE RETURN OF MAN, AND
THE CABIN IS NO LONGER SAFE!



BUT FOR TIGGER, IT HOLDS NO THREAT AT ALL--
NOW THAT THE BEARS HAVE GONE! AND THAT
HAIR-CHESD SACK OF ROLLED OATS IS STILL SAFE.



THE BOX
OF SODA
CRACKERS
TASTES ALMOST
AS GOOD...



...AND THE SALT WHICH
EVERY HORSE CRAVES, MAKES
THE END OF A PERFECT
LUNCH-- IN SPITE OF ITS
SILLY PACKAGE!

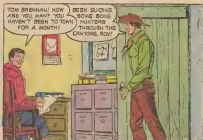


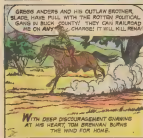
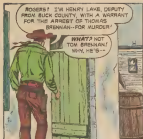
SALT CREATES THIRST, BUT THERE IS A
BRAWLING LITTLE BROOK AT THE EDGE
OF THE CLEARING--AND GREEN GRASS
IN WHICH TO ROLL! TIGGER'S CHUCKLE
OF CONTENTMENT SPEAKS FOR BOTH!

Roy Rogers

and
TRIGGER

IN
**THE MAN
HUNTER**













FROM DAWN UNTIL AFTERNOON OF THE NEXT DAY, ROY SEARCHED THE RIVER, FOR THE BODY OF TOM BREWAN. THEN DISCOURAGED...









ON THE VERY BANK OF THE RIVER GORGE STAND TWO FIGURES IN INTIMATE CONVERSATION. ONLY THE MURMUR OF THEIR VOICES REACHES ROY.



AS THE THIRD SHOT RINGS OUT, ROY'S HURLING BRIGHT STRIKES THE GUNMAN.



ANDERS TURNS LIKE A TRAPPED COUSAR-- BUT THE FIGHT IS SHORT! ALL OF ROY'S FURY IS IN THE BLOW HE LANDS!



BREED OF THE PIONEERS

Arnie Grows Up

At his father's silent gesture, Arnie Todd followed him to the gate. Joe Todd was starting a two-day journey to the salt licks. They needed the salt badly for the stock. But Arnie sensed that his father was reluctant to go.

Arnie knew why. The Blue Crowfeet tribe had recently infiltrated the territory. They were sneak thieves, often rifling a settler's place if left unguarded. Sometimes they left dead behind, when surprised in the act.

"Didn't want your mother to hear this," said the homesteader at the gate, out of earshot of the cabin. "If you suspect Crowfeet about, take the kids and mother to the river, pronto. Head for the fort. Don't take chances, son—against their tomahawks."

"You can depend on me, Dad," said Arnie, "scored inside."

Joe Todd put a hand on his son's shoulder. "Our family—our homestead—everything depends on you while I'm gone."

He shot Arnie a peculiar glance. "Above all, son, don't go into a panic. Keeping a cool head—that's the main thing. Well, so long."

Watching his father gallop off, Arnie puzzled over those last remarks. Some hidden meaning lay behind them. Arnie took a deep breath. "I'll prove I can handle it, even if I'm only fifteen," he thought.

Arnie patted two-year-old Jeannie on his way to the barn. The twin boys of seven ramped in the haystock. His mother was in the kitchen window, trying to hide her fears with her husband gone.

The chores took Arnie till after dark. He went to the henhouse last to gather eggs. Arnie stopped short. Where Brownie nested there was only a scattering of feathers! And

no eggs!

Arnie's heart hammered.

Was it an ordinary weasel? Or a two-legged "weasel"? The first sign of Crowfeet around, making the place for bigger thievery?

Arnie swallowed, and decided not to tell his mother—yes. She might panic and insist on rushing for the fort right away. But that would leave the place unguarded for the Crowfeet to rob later. Some scout would notice the ripe plum . . .

Arnie fought down the sickening fears in his mind, and made a plan. Restlessly that night he waited for his mother and the kids to fall sound asleep. Then Arnie slipped quietly from the cabin.

He crept inside the henhouse, careful not to scare the roosting chickens into wild clamor. He huddled in a corner, on guard.

Quiet night hours wore away. Suddenly Arnie stiffened. Was that a footfall outside? Did he hear human breathing? Were Crowfeet sneaking up for a big night raid?

Panic filled Arnie. His father had warned against taking chances with their lives. Arnie was ready to run . . .

But he eased back, remembering what else his father had said. And then Arnie understood and sat still, waiting tensely.

A small shadow streaked toward the hens. Relief rolled over Arnie. Only a weasel!

Arnie coughed, enough to frighten the animal away. "Footfalls! Human breathing! A pack of thieving Crowfeet—all my imagination," laughed Arnie as he set the weasel trap.

When his father returned, Arnie told the incident and added, "That's what you meant, Dad. Not a panic over real Indians—but a panic over imaginary ones!"

Joe Todd nodded. "If you fled for nothing, son, Crowfeet scouts would have quickly sent a leading party." He grinned at his son. "By the way, what happened to the boy I left behind?"

Arnie grinned back proudly. He was a man now.



"IT'S THE STORY OF OLD TIGER, A DOG THAT BELONGED TO YOUNG JIM WELLMAN, A FRIEND OF MINE... JIM HAD A PIONEER RANCH, UP IN SASKATCHEWAN, AND A FINE YOUNG WIFE, GRACE, AND A SMALL SON CALLED LARRY."



"GRACE WOULDN'T HAVE THE OLD, BLIND DOG SHOT ON HER RANCH! SO THEY GOT A NEIGHBOR, WILL MORRIS, TO TAKE TIGER AWAY, WHILE LITTLE LARRY WAS ASLEEP."



"A LITTLE WHILE LATER, LARRY WOKED AND MISSED HIS PAL! HE WENT LOOKING FOR THE OLD DOG..."



"NOBODY SAW THE LITTLE FELLOW GO INTO THE BUSH—WHICH WAS QUITE CLOSE TO THE HOUSE..."



"—BUT PERHAPS AN HOUR AFTERWARDS, GRACE WELLMAN MISSED HIM!"



"IT HAD JUST RAINED, AND SHE FOLLOWED HIS LITTLE FOOTPRINTS INTO THE BUSH FOR A WAY—BEFORE SHE LOST THEM! GRACE WAS WORRIED SICK!"



"SHE FOUND HIM, BURNING BRUSH, AND TOLD HIM—"





...AND PRETTY SOON THEY HAD A MOB OF SEARCHERS
OUT WITH DOGS OF EVERY KIND "

"THEN WILL MORRIS SPOKE UP . . . "



"BUT IT WAS NO USE---THE HOUNDS COULDN'T PICK UP
THE TRAIL! LATE THAT DAY, THEY HAD TO TELL SPACE
WELLMAN THAT THEY HAD FAILED "

THEY RAN TO WILL'S TRUCK? THERE WAS STILL SOME
OURLIGHT LEFT! "



"THEY GOT THE OLD DOG AND PUT HIS NOSE ON LARRY'S
TRAIL!"

"FIND HIM,
TIGER! FIND LARRY! YOU
CAN."



"SEE YOU!
FORWARD!"

"SOON HE STRUCK THE SHE BEAR'S TRAIL...THE OLD DOG
WHISTLED AND GROWLED, BUT HE TOOK THE NEW TRAIL!
HE SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND..."



"BARRY!
BARRY!
BARRY!"

"HIS BLIND EYE
CAN'T SEE THAT
THE BEAR ISN'T UP
THERE!"



"LARRY!
BARRY! BARRY!
BARRY!"

--- AND BABY LARRY'S VOICE ANSWERED HIM ---
FROM A HOLE WHERE THE OLD BEAR HAD HIDDEN HIM,
UP IN THAT TREE --- "SAVE AND SOUND!"



"TIGER!
TIGER!"

"TIGER!
TIGER!
TIGER!"

"LARRY!
--- OF THERE!"

WHEN HE REACHED THE TREE, THE BEAR HAD CLIMBED,
HE MADE AN ANFUL ROW ...



"THE STRANGE OLD AND
THE STRANGE VOICES
COULDN'T GET A PEEP OUT
OF HIM, GRACE! IT TOOK
OLD TIGER!"

"LARRY,
LARRY BOY!
COME ---!"

"TIGER!
TIGER!"



"SO, A YEAR LATER, LARRY WAS STILL PLAYING WITH HIS
BLIND PAL, ON THE BUS BY THE STONE! OLD TIGER LIVED
TO BE A REALLY OLD DOG, AND DIED QUIETLY IN HIS SLEEP!"

mount up



Always mount from the left or "near" side. Though some horses can be mounted from the "off" or right side, most of them resent it strenuously because they've been trained to left-hand mounting. Place your left foot in the stirrup and your right hand on the cantle (the rear edge of the saddle seat).



Many cowboys are trained to start moving as soon as they feel the weight of the rider in one stirrup. This is so the cowpuncher can get the fastest start possible. The rider stands in the left or "near" stirrup as the horse begins to move, and throws the right leg over the horse's back while the horse is moving. But if you're just beginning to ride, here's one of the best and safest ways to mount your horse.

Pass your left hand through the loop of the reins and grasp the saddle horn firmly. If the horse is skittish and bolts when you're mounting, you automatically catch the reins in the crook of your left elbow. Though you may be left standing, you still have control of the horse.



Here again, don't hurry too much but find the right stirrup as quickly as you can. Nothing makes a horse more nervous than being pushed in the side with the toe of a boot while the rider tries vainly again and again to find his stirrup iron. It's more important to get full control of the reins quickly than it is to get your right foot in the stirrup. Once you have grasped the reins firmly, you should be in full control of the horse.

COURTESY: DELL, BY MARSHALL PERROWE & LINDA COE

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

the ROAD RUNNER



In the deserts of southwestern United States and Mexico, the Road Runner or "War Bird" is as dangerous to the rattlesnake as the mongoose is to the cobra in India. Famed for his bold barbs with these wily reptiles, the Road Runner does not seem to fear the rattler. Because of his remarkable swiftness, agility and uncanny timing, this nervous, sharp-beaked bird tires his foe by forcing him to move in endless, exhausting circles. Staying just out of reach of his enemy's thrusts, the Road Runner quickly changes his position, hopping from one spot to another. Then, he defiantly pecks and retreats, then pecks again, until his angry opponent admits defeat and tries to make off.

A member of the cuckoo family, the Road Runner, known as well as the "Lizard Bird," is brownish in color and has a spotted crest. His bright eyes are always ready and alert, scanning the desert floor for signs of food. Naturally, his legs are strong and enable him to move for long distances with the speed of a deer. His name comes from his preference for racing along the ground instead of taking to the air. Flying for the Road Runner is a last resort.

Although lizards are his favorite food, this long-tailed desert resident also enjoys snails when he can find them. Almost from the time he is hatched, his parents begin feeding him the foods which he will one day have to forage for himself.

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